The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 46.....NO. 16,370.

SIDEWALK STEALING.

Corporation Counsel J. F. Delaney.

Acting on the decision of the courts requiring the Knickerbocker Trust Company to remove the part of its Fifth avenue building which encroaches on the sidewalk, Corporation Counsel Delany recommends the recovery by the city of all the space on either side of the avenue which has been unlawfully appropriated by property-owners.

The offense of the Knickerbocker Company was aggravated by the fact that it apparently acted with full knowledge of the illegality of its course, counting on special legislation to sustain it.

In most other cases the obstructions date back to old Aldermanic stoop-line ordinances, and to remove them will inflict some hardship. But if they are illegal they should go and the stolen sidewalk space be restored to public use. By this means Fifth avenue below Fifty-ninth street can be widened thirty feet and the congestion of vehicle traffic materially relieved.

Mr. Delany's opinion on this question follows closely on his argument against a third-track "L" franchise and his able brief in the gas suit challenging the legality of the trust's existence. His opinion on the Steinway tunnel franchise is yet to come. But the disposition the Corporation Counsel evidences to use the law for the city's benefit is gratifying. He is at least not spending his time trying hypothetical cases in courts of last resort and is not hampered by fear of suppositious reversals.

THE NATION'S FOUL KITCHENS.

An interesting outcome of the Beef Trust investigation is the discovery made by friends of the packers of the need of a reform of the nation's kitchens.

This issue appears to have been first raised in the House of Representatives when Congressman Mondell declared that the investigators would find "quite as much or more to criticise in the kitchens of the best people" as in the stockyards. Congressman Fulkerson chimed in with the remark that Missouri's packing-houses are "cleaner than many kitchens." Now a committee of the National Association of Manufacturers finds that in general conditions of sanitation and cleanliness the Chicago packing-houses are "far better than the average hotel kitchen or even the kitchens of a large percentage of private residences."

As the committee also found "much to criticise in the way of sanitary conditions" at Chicago it is clear that our kitchens must be pretty bad, and that there is a crying need of investigation and regulation. Away with the greasy skillets and battered coffee-pots in which the nation's breakfast is prepared! They harbor disease germs. Those antique ovens out of which the pies came that mother made should be viewed with grave suspicion. As it is obviously inadvisable to entrust this reform to local supervision, a Federal commission, under the direction of Messrs. Mondell and Fulkerson, and with a representation from the Association of Manufacturers, should be appointed.

But all this in good time. Let us not blind ourselves to the real nastiness in Chicago. If there has been some slopping over by those who fancied everything is Packingtown rotten, it does not improve matters to go to the other extreme and belittle the gravity of the evils uncovered.

"Easy Money."

By J. Campbell Cory.

NEW YORK THRO' FUNNY GLASSES.

By Irwin S. Cobb.

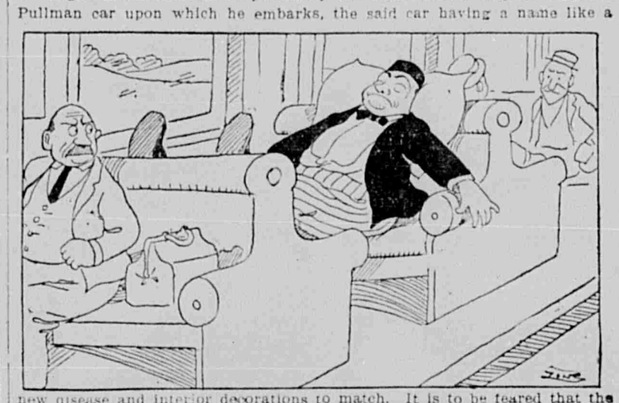
ABOUT once in so long the stay-at-home man gets the railroad wanderlust. He begins to hanker to ride on the kind of train that you read about in the last two hundred pages of a magazine.

For eleven long and happy months he's perfectly satisfied with the habit of living in a slot machine eleven floors up. Of nights, when 10 o'clock comes, he's ready to wind up the clock, turn out the cat—no, you can't keep a cat in a flat, dumb-waiters being the only domestic pets permitted; but anyway he's ready to wind up the clock, breathe a silent prayer that the janitor chokes before morning and retire to rest in the match safe that he calls a bed-room.

But along toward summer he becomes enamored of those inspiring accounts of pleasure trips on moving boudoirs that are written by purely disinterested general passenger agents having a turn for romance. He doesn't know that the best fiction in a ten-cent monthly appears in the advertising part. Later he knows it.

But that's after he has taken the railroad cure for the railroad disease. He tells everybody he's going West for the rest, but in his soul he knows it is the prospect of that luxurious voyage aboard a wheeled palace that really lured him and his faithful dress suit case from home.

Right at the start he is pained by the color-scheme employed on the Pullman car upon which he embarks, the said car having a name like a



new disease and interior decorations to match. It is to be feared that the first Mr. Pullman was reared to regard worsted hangings done in dill pickle green and woodwork having a grain like the yolk of an addled egg and an inlaid border of vanilla and chocolate caramels around the edges as artistic. Anyway, he built his first car that way, and the company never had the heart to change the model; although of late years the introduction of eggplant purple and crushed muskmelon tints into the prevailing malarial tone of the draperies has been tried with success.

The stay-at-home is cheered by the thought of the dandy things he is going to eat in the dining-car and the bully yarns he'll hear the jolly drummers tell in the smoking compartment, the same as they always do in the story papers.

He discovers that there are only two kinds of travelling men—one travels for an undertaker's supply house and wants to talk shop all the time; and the other is the fleshy party with the asthma who puts on a skull cap, spreads himself over two seats and sleeps from Buffalo to Cleveland, meanwhile giving imitations of an agonized manhole through his nose.

Also the above-mentioned food comes to our hero garnished with parsley and cinders, and it tastes like cleaning the ashes out of the anthracite stove.

In the middle of this gladsome repast the train runs through eight tunnels and the traveller finally emerges with all the sensations of having smoked a bundle of Wheeling stogies with his eyes shut.

Then he hits a stretch of country where it hasn't rained for eight weeks and he inhales pulverized landscape for four or five hours.

At night he is boosted by a superior porter into an upper berth close to a large, fervent gas burner.

There isn't any use trying to paint the scene in the wash-room next morning, with nine men waiting for the mutual hair brush, because the English language was made up before they invented wash-rooms.

The traveller returns to our midst in a state of collapse, and it's two weeks before he gets all the clinkers out of his system.

THE FUNNY PART:

We don't realize that the best way to enjoy travelling is to stay in New York and read about it.

The Masquerader by Katherine Cecil Thurston

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CHAPTER XXVI.

(Continued.)

"CAN'T? Oh, yes, you can. We can all do—anything. It's not too late; there's st sufficient time. "Chilcote," he added, suddenly, "don't you see that the thing has been madness all along—has been like playing with the most infernal explosives? You may thank whatever you have faith in that nobody has been smashed up! You are going back. Do you understand me? You are going back—now, to-day, before it's too late." There was a great change in Loder; his strong, imperturbable face was stirred; he was moved in both voice and manner. Time after time he repeated his injunction—reasoning, expostulating, insisting. It almost seemed that he fought some strenuous invisible force rather than the shattered man before him.

Chilcote moved nervously in his seat. It was the first real clash of personalities. He felt it—recognized it by instinct. The sense of domination had fallen on him; he knew himself impotent in the other's hands. Whatever he might attempt in moments of solitude he possessed no voice in presence of this invincible second self. For a while he struggled—he did not fight, he struggled to resist—then lifting his eyes he met Loder's. "And what will you do?" he said weakly.

Loder returned his questioning gaze, but almost immediately he turned aside. "I?" he said. "Oh, I shall leave London."

CHAPTER XXVII.

BUT Loder did not leave London. And the hour of 2 on the day following his dismissal of Chilcote found him again in his sitting-room.

He sat at the centre table surrounded by a cloud of smoke; a pipe was between his lips and the morning's newspapers lay in a heap beside his elbow. To the student of humanity his attitude was intensely interesting. It was the attitude of a man trammelled by the knowledge of his strength. Before him as he sat smoking stretched a future of absolute nothingness; and toward this blank future one portion of his consciousness—a struggling and as yet scarcely sentient portion—pushed him inevitably; while another—a vigorous, persistent, human portion—cried to him to pause. So actual, so clamorous was this silent mental combat that had raged unceasingly since the moment of his renunciation that at last in physical response to it he pushed back his chair.

"It's too late!" he said aloud. "I'm a fool. It's too late!"

Then abruptly, astonishingly, as though in direct response to his spoken thought, the door opened and Chilcote walked into the room.

Slowly Loder rose and stared at him. The feeling he acknowledged to himself was anger, but below the anger a very different sensation ran riotously strong. And it was in time to this second feeling, this sudden, lawless joy, that his pulses beat as he turned a cold face on the intruder.

"Well?" he said sternly.

But Chilcote was impervious to sternness. He was mentally shaken and distressed, though outwardly irreproachable, even to the violets in the lapel of his coat—the violets that for a week past had been brought each morning to the door of Loder's rooms by Eve's maid. For one second, as Loder's eyes rested on the flowers, a sting of ungovernable jealousy shot through him; then as suddenly it died away, superseded by another feeling—a feeling of new, spontaneous joy. Worn by Chilcote or by himself, the flowers were a symbol!

"Well?" he said again in a gentler voice.

Chilcote had walked to the table and laid down his hat. His face was white and the muscles of his lips twitched nervously as he drew off his gloves.

"Thank heaven, you're here!" he said shortly. "Give me something to drink."

In silence Loder brought out the whiskey and set it on the table; then instinctively he turned aside. As plainly as though he saw the action he mentally figured Chilcote's furtive glance, the furtive movement of his fingers to his waistcoat pocket, the hasty dropping of the tabloids into the glass. For an instant the sense of his tacit connivance came to him sharply; the next he flung it from him. The human, inner voice was whispering its old watchword. The strong man has no time to waste over his weaker brother!

When he heard Chilcote lay down his tumbler he looked back again. "Well, what is it?" he said. "What have you come for?" He strove resolutely to keep his voice severe, but, try as he might, he could not quite subdue the eager force that lay behind his words. Once again, as on the night of their second interchange, life had become a phoenix, rising to fresh existence even while he sifted its ashes. "Well?" he said once again.

"I?" he said. "Oh, I shall leave London!"

Chilcote had set down his glass. He was nervously passing his handkerchief across his lips. There was something in the gesture that attracted Loder. Looking at him more attentively he saw what his own feelings and the other's conventional dress had blinded him to—the almost piteous panic and excitement in his visitor's eyes.

"Something's gone wrong!" he said with abrupt intuition.

Chilcote started. "Yes—no—that is, yes," he stammered.

Loder moved round the table. "Something's gone wrong," he repeated. "And you've come to tell me."

The tone unnerved Chilcote; he suddenly dropped into a chair. "It—it wasn't my fault," he began. "I—I have had a horrible time!"

Loder's lips tightened. "Yes," he said, "yes—I understand."

The other glanced up with a gleam of his old suspicion. "'Twas all my nerves, Loder"——

"Of course. Yes, of course." Loder's interruption was curt.

Chilcote eyed him doubtfully. Then recollection took the place of doubt and a change passed over his expression. "It wasn't my fault," he began hastily. "On my soul it wasn't! It was Chapham's beastly fault for showing her into the morning-room"——

Loder kept silent. His curiosity had flared into sudden life at the other's words, but he feared to break the shattered train of thought even by a word.

In the silence Chilcote moved uneasily. "You see," he went on at last, "when I was here with you I—I felt strong. I—I"— He stopped.

"Yes, yes. When you were here with me you felt strong."

"Yes, that's it. While I was here I felt I could do the thing. But when I went home—when I went up to my rooms"— Again he paused, passing his handkerchief across his forehead.

"When you went up to your rooms?" Loder strove hard to keep his control.

"To my room?— Oh, I—I forget about that. I forget about the night"— He hesitated confusedly. "All I remember is the coming down to breakfast next morning—this morning—at 12 o'clock"—

Loder turned to the table and poured himself out some whiskey. "Yes," he acquiesced in a very quiet voice.

At the word Chilcote rose from his seat. His disquietude was very evident. "Oh, there was breakfast on the table when I came downstairs—breakfast with flowers and a horrible, dazzling glare of sun. It was then, Loder, as I stood and looked into the room, that the impossibility of it all came to me—that I knew I couldn't stand it—couldn't go on."

Loder swallowed his whiskey slowly. His sense of overpowering curiosity held him very still; but he made no effort to prompt his companion.

Again Chilcote shifted his position agitatedly. "It had to be done," he said disjointedly. "I had to do it—then and there. The things were on the bureau—the pens and ink and telegraph forms. They tempted me."

Loder laid down his glass suddenly. An exclamation rose to his lips, but he checked it.

At the slight sound of the tumbler touching the table Chilcote turned; but there was no expression on the other's face to affright him.

"They tempted me," he repeated hastily. "They seemed like magnets—they seemed to draw me toward them. I sat at the bureau staring at them for a long time; then a terrible compulsion seized me—something you could never understand—and I caught up the nearest pen and wrote just what was in my mind. It wasn't a telegram, properly speaking—it was more a letter. I wanted you back and I had to make myself plain. The writing of the message seemed to steady me; the mere forming of the words quieted my mind. I was almost cool when I got up from the bureau and pressed the bell"——

"The bell?"

"Yes. I rang for a servant. I had to send the wire myself, so I had to get a cab." His voice rose to irritability. "I pressed the bell several times, but the thing had gone wrong—'twouldn't work. At last I gave it up and went into the corridor to call some one."

"Well?" In the intense suspense of the moment the word escaped Loder.

"Oh, I went out of the room, but there at the door, before I could call anybody, I knocked up against that idiot Greening. He was looking for me—for you, rather—about some beastly Wark affair. I tried to explain that I wasn't in a state for business; I tried to shake him off, but he was worse than Blessington! At last, to be rid of the fellow, I went with him to the study"——

(To Be Continued.)